

The Girl from Tim's Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MURKIN
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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 16-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Bolde, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie. Journey of Frisbie's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisbie, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former townsman of the hermit. They settle down for summer stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woods friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolde and escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returning from the settlement. Bolde escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amy and trap during the winter and he concludes to do so. Others of the party return to Greenville, taking Chip with them. Chip starts to school in Greenville, and finds life unpleasant at Aunt Comfort's, made so especially by Hannah.

CHAPTER XII.

The streams and swamps contiguous to this lake were well adapted for the habitat of mink, muskrat, otter, fisher, and those large fur-bearing animals, the lynx and leucine.

Old Cy, familiar as he was with the homes, habits, and the manner of catching these cunning animals, soon began his trap-setting campaign. A few dozen steel traps were first set along the stream and lagoons entering the lake, and then he and Ray pushed up Beaver brook, and leaving their canoe, followed its narrow valley in search of suitable spots to set the more elaborate deadfalls.

As gum-gathering was also a part of their season's plan, they now left the swamp valley, and, ascending the spruce-clad upland, began this work.

There was also another element that entered into the trapping and gum-gathering life—the possible return of the half-breed.

"He hain't nothin' agin us," Old Cy asserted, when the question came up. "We didn't chase him the day he stole Chip, 'n' yet I s'pose he'll show up some day, 'n' mebbe do us harm."

It was this fear that had led Old Cy to leave one of their canoes in a log locker, securely barred, and also to caution the hermit to remain on guard at the cabin while he and Ray were away.

A canoe is the one most vital need of a wilderness life, for the reason that the streams are the only avenues of escape and afford the only opportunities for travel.

Old Cy knew, or at least he felt almost sure, that the half-breed would return in good time. He had also reasoned out his failure to do so at once, and knew that left canoeless, as he had been that tragic day, his only course must be the one he actually followed. A month had elapsed since then, with no sign of this "varmint's" return, and now Old Cy was on the watch for it.

They had first visited the small traps near the lake, securing a couple of mink and three muskrats, which were left in the canoe. An otter was found in one of the deadfalls, and taking this with them, they entered the spruce timber and hung it on a conspicuous limb. Then the search for gum began.

As usual, they worked hard. The days were short, the best of sunlight was needed to see the brown gum nuts in the somber forest, and so they paid no heed to aught except what was overhead. When time to return arrived, Old Cy picked up his rifle and led the way back to where the otter had been left, but it had vanished. Glancing about to make sure that he was right, he advanced to the tree, looked down, and saw two footprints. Stooping over to examine them better in the uncertain light, he noted also that they were not his own, but larger, and made by some one wearing boots.

"Tain't the half-breed," he muttered, with an accent of relief, and looking about he saw a well-defined trail leading down the slope and thence onward toward the swamp.

Some one had crossed this broad, oval, spruce-covered upland while they were not 200 rods away from this tree, had stolen their otter and gone on into the swamp.

Any freshly made human footprint found in a vast wilderness awakens curiosity; these seemed ominous.

"He must 'a' seen us 'fore he did it, 'n' yet he didn't," Old Cy ejaculated, "an' it's curdle he didn't make himself known. Neighbors ain't over plenty, hereabouts."

But the sun was nearing the tree-tops, the canoe was a mile away, and after one more look around, Old Cy started for it. There was no use in following this trail now, for it led into the tangled swamp, and so, skirting this until a point opposite the canoe was reached, Old Cy and Ray then plunged into it.

Twilight had begun to shadow this vale ere the canoe was reached. And here was another surprise, for the canoe was found turned half over, and on its broad oval bottom was a curious outline of black mud. The light was not good here. A fir-grown ledge shadowed the spit; but as Old Cy stooped to examine this mud-made emblem, it gradually took shape, and he saw—a skull and cross bones!

"Wal, by the Great Horn Spoon!" he exclaimed, "I never s'posed a pirate 'ud fetch in here! An' he's swiped our muskrats and mink," he added, as he looked under the canoe, "darn him!"

Then the bold bravado of it all occurred to Old Cy. The theft was doubtless made by whosoever had taken

their otter, and not content with robbing them, he had added insult.

"I s'pose we'd order be grateful he left the paddles 'n' didn't smash the canoe," Old Cy continued, turning it over. "I wonder who 'n' can be?"

One hasty look around revealed the same bootmarks in the soft earth near the stream, and then he and Ray launched their craft and started for home.

"I'm goin' to follow them tracks to-morrow," Old Cy said, when they were entering the lake and a light in the cabin just across reassured him. "It may be a little risky, but I'm goin' to find out what sorter a neighbor we've got."

CHAPTER XIII.

All fellow-sojourners in the wilderness awaken keen interest, and the unbroken silence and solitude of a boundless forest make a fellow human being one we are glad to meet.

A party of lumbermen wielding axes causes one to turn aside and call on them. A sportsman's camp seen on a lake shore or near a stream's bank always invites a landing to interview whoever may be there.

All this interest was now felt by Old Cy and Ray, and with it an added

and ended at a lagoon opening out from the stream. Here, also, evidences of a canoe having been hauled up into the bog were visible.

"That sneakin' pirate come up this stream," Old Cy observed to Ray, as the two stood looking at these unmistakable signs. "He left his canoe here 'n' crossed the ridge above us 'n' down to whar we left the otter 'n' on to our canoe. Then he come back the way we followed, 'n' my idee is he had his eye on us most o' the time. I callate he has been laughin' ever since at what we'd say when we found that mud daub on our canoe, darn him!"

But their canoe was now a half-mile away, and for a little time Old Cy looked at the black, currentless stream and considered. Then he glanced up at the sun.

"I've a notion we'd best fetch our canoe over here," he said at last, "an' follow this thief a spell farther. We may come to suitin'."

"Won't he shoot at us?" returned Ray, more impressed by this possible danger than was Old Cy.

"Wal, mebbe and mebbe not," answered the old man. "Shootin's a game two kin play at, an' we've jist ez good a right to follow the stream ez he has."

But when their canoe had been carried over and launched in this lagoon, Ray's spirits rose. It was an expedition into new waters, somewhat venturesome, and for that reason it appealed to him.

For two hours they paddled along this serpentine highway, and then the vastness of this morass began to impress them.

No halt for dinner had yet been made. They were both faint from need of food, and so Old Cy reached for a small wooden pail containing their sole supply of provisions. Neither was it a luxurious repast which was now eaten. A couple of hardtacks

deadfall. Tracks evidently made within a few days were about here, and tied to its figure-four spindle was a freshly caught brook sucker.

"The seet'n's gettin' warm," Old Cy muttered, as he examined these signs of a trapper's presence, and then, mindful of the sun, he paddled on again.

And now an upland growth of tall spruce was seen ahead, the banks became in evidence, and a slight current was met. One more long bend in the stream was followed, then came curving banks and large-bodied spruce. They were out of the swamp.

Soon a more distinctive current opposed them, a low murmur of running water came from ahead, and then a pass between two abutting ledges was entered. Here the stream eddied over sunken rocks, and pushing on, the forest seemed suddenly to vanish as they emerged from the gloom of this short canyon, and the next moment they caught sight of a long, narrow lakelet.

The sun, now almost to the tree-tops, cast a reddish glow upon its placid surface, and so welcome a change was it from the ghostly, forbidding swamp just left, that Old Cy halted their canoe at once to look out upon it. It was seemingly a mile long, but quite a narrow lake. A bold, rocky shore rising in ledges faced them just across, and extended along that side, back of these a low, green-clad mountain, to the right, and at the end of this lanellike lake a bolder, bare-topped cliff was outlined clear and distinct.

The strip of water, for it was not much more, seemingly filled an oblong gorge in these mountains, only one break in them, to the left of this bare peak; and as Old Cy urged their canoe out of the alder-choked stream, now currentless, once more, a margin line of rushes and reeds was seen to form that shore. Back of these, also, rose the low ledge they had passed.

"Looks like a good hidin' spot for a pirate," he exclaimed, glancing up and down the smiling lakelet. "Thar ain't many folks likely to tackle that swamp—it took us 'most all day to cross it. I'll bet no lumberman ever tried it twice, 'n' if I wanted to git absolutely 'way from bel'n' molested, I'd locate here. I dunno whether we'd best cross 'n' make camp 'mong them ledges or go back into the woods. Guess we'd best go back 'n' take a sneak round behind the ledge. I noticed a loggin' leadin' up that way 'fore we left the swamp."

But now something was discovered that proved Old Cy's wisdom, for as they, charmed somewhat by the spot, yet feeling it forbidding, still glanced up and down the bold shore just across, suddenly a thin column of smoke rose from away to the right, amid the bare ledges.

First a faint haze, rising in the still air, then a burst of white, until the fleecy pillar was plainly outlined as it ascended and drifted backward into the green forest.

CHAPTER XIV.

Old Cy was, above all, a peaceable man, and while curiosity had led him to follow the trail of this robber and to cross this vast swamp, now that he saw the suggestive smoke sign, he hesitated about venturing nearer.

"I guess we'd best be keerful," he whispered to Ray, "or we may wish we had been. I callate our pirate friend's got a hidin' spot over thar, 'n' most likely don't want callers. He may be only a queer old trapper a little short o' scruples ag'in takin' what he finds, 'n' then ag'in he may be worse'n that. His campin' spot's ag'in him, anyhow."

But the sun was now very low; a camp site must soon be found, and scarce two minutes from the time he saw this rising column of smoke, Old Cy dipped his paddle and slowly drew back into the protecting forest. Once well out of sight, the canoe was turned and they sped back down-stream and into the swamp once more. Here he turned aside into a lagoon they had passed, and at its head they pulled their canoe out into the bog.

The two gathered up their belongings, and picking their way out of the morass, reached the belt of hard bottom skirting the ridge. They were now out of sight from the lake, but still too near the stream to risk a camp-fire, and so Old Cy led the way along this belt until a more secluded niche in the ridge was reached, and here they began camp-making.

That night was the longest ever passed by Ray, for not until near morning did he fall into a fitful slumber, and scarcely had he lost himself before Old Cy was up and watching for the dawn.

Its first faint glow was visible when Ray's eyes opened, and without waiting for fire or breakfast, they started for the top of the ridge. From here a curious sight met their eyes, for the lake and also the ridges out of which the smoke had risen were hidden beneath a white pall of fog. Back of them also, and completely coating the immense swamp, was the same sea of vapor. It soon vanished with the rising sun, and just as the ledge across the lake outlined themselves, once more that smoke sign rose aloft.

And now the two watchers could better see whence it came. Old Cy had expected to obtain sight of some hut or bark shack nestled among these rocks; but none was visible. Instead, the smoke rose out of a jagged rock, and there was not a cabin roof or sign of one anywhere.

"Thar feller's in a cave," he whispered to Ray, "an' the smoke's comin' out o' a crack, sure's a gun!"

It seemed so, for a half-hour the two watched it in silent amazement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Home-runs Would Be Numerous.

Schoolboy's Comment on Absence of Attraction of Gravitation.

A clever teacher, who has the power of calling out originality in her pupils, says that she would have no use for text books if she took time to answer all the startling questions asked in the classroom. One day the attraction of gravitation was under discussion, when one of the boys said that he didn't see any need of it, anyway. "It seems to me," said he, "there's no

particular use in having the earth attract things. Now, when the apple fell, and made Newton think out the reason for it, that apple might just as well have stayed where it was until somebody gathered it. "You play ball, don't you?" asked the teacher. "Well, suppose you knock the ball very high, what happens?" "It falls," "But if there were no attraction towards the earth, it wouldn't fall. Don't you think that might prove inconvenient?" "My!" cried the boy; "what a bully chance for a home-run!"

HIS WHEAT WENT 22 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

HE REALIZED \$18 PER ACRE FROM IT, WHILE OATS GAVE HIM \$17 AN ACRE.

Moose Jaw, Sask., Nov. 18th, 1907. Writing from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Mr. S. K. Rathall says:

"I have much pleasure in saying that on my farm this year I had 500 acres in wheat, and 120 acres in oats. My wheat averaged about 22 bushels per acre, and I had 200 acres cut before the frost, which I sold at 85 cents per bushel, thus realizing on that wheat \$18.00 per acre, not counting cost of twine, seed and labor. With regard to the other 300 acres of wheat, it got touched with frost but is worth 60 cents per bushel. It will net me \$13.00 per acre, but I do not intend to sell it at that price, as I can make more money by feeding it to hogs. "My oats turned out about 50 bushels to the acre, and at 35 cents per bushel will give me \$17.00 to the acre, not counting seed, twine and labor. "On account of the late spring, a percentage of the grain was touched with frost, but on account of good prices, farmers will realize a fair profit on their farms even this year. We are as usual up against a shortage of cars to get our grain removed."

NOTHING MORE TO SAY.



"Pardon my question, but how do you know your wife doesn't wish you to take out insurance?" "Well, I'll tell you. She's got a notion I'm going to survive her and that it will be collected by No. 2."

HOW TO APPLY PAINT.

Greatest care should be taken when painting buildings or implements which are exposed to the weather, to have the paint applied properly. No excellence of material can make up for carelessness of application, any more than care in applying it can make poor paint wear well. The surface to be painted should be dry and scraped and sandpapered hard and smooth. Pure white lead should be mixed with pure linseed oil, fresh for the job, and should be well brushed out, not flowed on thick. When painting is done in this manner with National Lead Company's pure white lead (trade marked with "The Dutch Boy Painter") there is every chance that the job will be satisfactory. White lead is capable of absolute test for purity. National Lead Company, Woodbridge Building, New York, will send a testing outfit free to any one interested.

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE," ETC.



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Lewis' Single Binder—the famous straight 5c cigar, always best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The ancestor of every action is a thought.—Emerson.

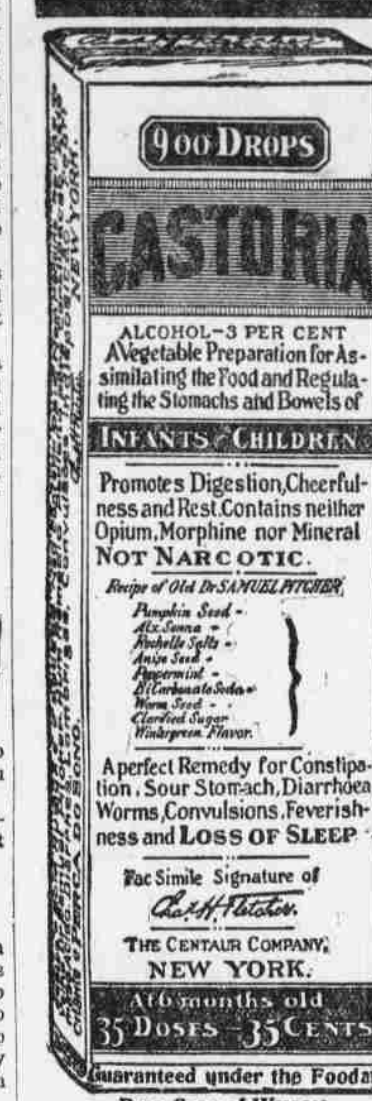
The average woman would worry a lot more than she does if she listened to everything she says.

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I met Mr. Frank at Pleasanton. He has been foreman on this ranch for 18 years, and knows every foot of the land. I told him I wanted to see the poorest land on the ranch, and he directed me how to go, and after two days hard riding I was fully satisfied with the proposition. I saw three artesian wells, and was within three-quarters of a mile of the fourth one. I tasted the water at one of these wells and found it to be all right. It was very warm, as I understand all artesian water is when it first comes from the well. I am satisfied this well is furnishing enough water to irrigate 1,000 acres of land. It is in Headquarters pasture.

I found the soil to be from a heavy black to a dark red, and all the shades between black and red. In fact, the soil looked good to me, and I believe I know good land when I see it.

I have read carefully the printed folders and examined the little book, "New Home Sweet Home" with regard to the pictures printed in it, and will say they are all there just as natural as life.

While I did not get to see all over the ranch, I saw enough to satisfy me that it is all right. I saw the country from San Antonio via Corpus Christi to Brownsville, but like the Simmons ranch better than anything I saw in Texas.

I have invested in this Simmons proposition and am now making preparations to move there this fall, and I wish to say to my friends and all of their friends, take out at least one application. You can't go wrong. It is the garden spot of the United States.

Wishing you success, I remain, Yours truly, B. Q. MATHES.

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